Over the past few decades, I've given much thought to how one can feel trapped within their little own world. While ignorance may be Bliss, it can also be a box from which one can't escape. I liken it to a fly trapped inside a house at the window. It can see the sun, feel it's warmth, and knows that it's freedom is just on the other side.
I've often expressed that love keeps fear at bay. And in addition to what John Dpnne expressed, how “no man is an island unto himself", I know that no man is without fear.
My greatest fear, therefore, would be that there are those in the world who are like the fire I've just described. And it's my fervent hope that no man ends up like to fly dead at the windowsill just out of reach of the sun's life sustaining glow.
John Kent Thompson
June 14th, 2025.
Terra Bella, Earth.